

Correspondence Column

You Are a Member.
Dear Editor:—I wrote you five weeks ago asking to be a member of the T. D. C. C. and have not seen it published yet. I also wrote a story. The name of it was "Willie and Mary." If you did not receive it let me know and I will write it again. Hoping to be a member of the club soon. I am a little friend.
MARIE WARD.
Charlottesville, Va. care General Delivery.

Old Member Heard From.
Dear Editor:—I haven't seen any of my work on your page for some time, so I thought it was about time for me to be sending something. Did you receive the heading that I sent you? Am sending something for the puzzle department this time, as I so seldom contribute anything to that department. It seems to me that there have been more fires this year than any other. There was a big one close to my home on New Year's night. I will close now, with best wishes to all the members. Your old member.
LYRA RANSON.

New Member.
Dear Editor:—I have been reading the letters in the Sunday Times-Dispatch that the children write, and I am anxious to become a member of the club. May I join in it? I am twelve years old and I am in the seventh grade at school. Hoping to hear from you very soon. I am your friend.
VIRGINIA DILLARD.

Sick Member.
Dear Editor:—I have been suffering for some time with a broken arm. You now see why I have not sent in any drawings lately. I went to the country Christmas and had a fine time. I have been trying to win a prize for a long time, but have not yet succeeded. It seems as if I don't draw with right materials or something is the matter. I hope I have had only two pictures published. Your sincere member.
DAVID ARWOOD.

Glad to Hear From You.
Dear Editor:—I am a member of the T. D. C. C. but never have done any work for the club. I read in the paper about your valentine contest, and I wish to join in it. I have enclosed a drawing for the contest. Hope it will find room on the page. For enjoy seeing my things on the page. Your loving member.
V. GILL.
15 North Addison, Richmond.

Welcome Back.
Dear Editor:—I have been so busy with my school work that I have not had time to write to the club. I think I am improving every day. We started out this year with a nice page, and I hope it stays so. I would like very much to win a prize. I think most of our old members have left the page. I hope my letter escapes the wastebasket. Your old member.
HETTIE NANCE.
1011 Hull Street, South Richmond.

Badge Received.
Dear Editor:—I received my badge, and I thank you very much for sending it. I enclosed you will find a drawing. I hope it will escape the wastebasket, as the other one I drew. I remain, your new member.
ETHEL FLETCHER.
821 South Harrison Street, Richmond.

Faithful Member.
Dear Editor:—I haven't written to you in a long time. I heard you say you didn't think our page looked nice without some poetry, so I am sending some Christmas verses. I know it is mighty late for them, but I couldn't get them off before. I had a mighty nice time Christmas. Santa Claus came to see me. Hope all of our members had a nice time Christmas, and you especially. I am still in school. I heard some of our members say they were looking for a prize as I am for one. Of course, we want our page to look nice, and let all of us work hard for our page and see how full of pretty things we can fill it with. Best wishes for all of our members. From
WINKLE PETTY.

Has a Birthday.
Dear Editor:—I am sending you another drawing, which I hope will escape the wastebasket. I should have sent something before, but have been sick with whooping cough for a long time. Have not been able to go to school since Christmas. I am very much afraid I will miss promotion on account of being absent so long. I enjoy the Children's Page very much, and with all my heart I am glad to be a member. Please keep every one of the members personally. Every time a page gets better and better every day. They gave the school children a holiday on my birthday. Do you know why? Because I was born on General Lee's anniversary. I was eight years old last Monday. Your member.
JULIUS LEE GREYER.
233 Stuart Avenue.

Work Hard.
Dear Editor:—You will enclosed find drawing. Certainly did appreciate you putting in my drawing last time. I am trying to win a prize. I am your member.
ARCHER DUNCAN FARMER.
Newes Ferry, Va.

14s. Coming Soon.
Dear Editor:—As the girls are writing we will write a little note so you will know we are still in the land of the living. We are enclosing a few drawings. Hope they will do to go on the page. I haven't received my prize. I (Edith) saw when I got it. I won some time ago, but know I will get it. I am doing the best I can. When I get it I will appreciate it. If I did wait for it. We will try to do better next time. Your two little boys.
EDWIN AND THOMAS NEATHERY.
South Boston, Va.

Old Members Heard From.
Dear Editor:—We haven't forgotten you or the page, but bring the same old excuse, but true. Our mother has been sick and we have been going to school and helping her so we have had no time for anything. We read the page every Sunday and enjoy it so much. We will write again and try to write a more interesting letter, as we are in a hurry to get this off in the mail. We are sending a few drawings. Your members.
ETHEL AND LYNNWOOD NEATHERY.
South Boston, Va.

Hope You Are Better.
Dear Editor:—I fell from a log yesterday at school and hurt my back, but I can go to school today. Enclosed you will find a drawing. Hope you will put it in the paper. Yours truly,
ANDREW N. ROACH.
R. F. D. No. 1, Box 25, Richmond.

So Are We All.
Dear Editor:—I know this little poem does not suit the season, but it is what I am longing for. A madraid I can't write poetry about sliding down a hill, as I have never had the pleasure, but I have been fishing and at the shore, so I know all about it. I was sick last week, but I am O. K. now. The story "The Land of the Midnight Sun" was fine, and so was Nell Walker's story. The pictures were splendid. Beside is also sending a poem.
Your loving member.
HARRY E. CHADWICK.

Enjoyed Seeing You.
Dear Editor:—I enjoyed my visit to your office Friday afternoon. Enclosed you will find a drawing and a puzzle. I hope my drawing will win a prize as I have not received one yet. I must close.
From a true member.
JULIEN W. GARTHRIGHT.
Colonial Place, Va.

Prizes Page.
Dear Editor:—I think our page is fine this new year of 1914. I am sending enclosed a story called "A Boy Scout's Luck." I will send the two other parts later. I would like to see my story on the page. Sunday. I appreciated the postal you sent me, Miss Harry Chadwick's poem called "Lovelight" was fine.
Our new member, Susie Varro, draws fine. I think the "Convict Ship" must have been horrible treatment to the convict. Please excuse bad writing, as I am sleepy. I was glad to see my drawing in the paper. I must close, hoping to receive my prize soon. I remain a true member.
SAMUEL L. GARTHRIGHT.
Colonial Place.

Likes Page.
Dear Editor:—Aren't we having a mild winter? We get the paper every Sunday, and I thought last Sunday's was very good. I always look first at the prize-winners, then at your nice letter. January heading was fine. I am sending a heading for February, which I hope will be in print. I have been trying to win a medal, but have not yet. With love and best wishes to you and the members. I remain, your member.
VIVIAN DYSON.

One of Our Poets.
Dear Editor:—I realize the fact that you brought out in your statement last Sunday. I am not a poet at all, but I like nature so much that I can't help from writing something about it. Enclosed you will find two verses, which I hope to see in print next Sunday.
Sincerely,
EVERETT RIDOUT.
233 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

Sends Picture.
Dear Editor:—I haven't written or sent in any drawings to the page for some time, but I want to commence again, so I am sending you a picture, which I hope to see in next Sunday's paper.
Your friend and old member.
MYRTLE V. TRAYLOR.
810 East Broad Street, City.

It Was Printed.
Dear Editor:—I was sorry when I couldn't cheer the second part of my story in print. I am sending it in this time, so you can put it in print next Sunday. I am sending in a drawing. I have not received my prize. I am going to bring this very letter to the office. My letter is a little long, so I will close, leaving best wishes for the whole club. I remain,
WRAY BARKER.



Editorial and Literary Department

Concerning Rules.

My Dear Girls and Boys:—I am publishing the rules of your club for the benefit of all the new members, who have written and asked me to send them, and also for the instruction of old members who will forget and turn over the page and write on the other side. And there are some mistakes that you make that I want to emphasize and call your attention to. Please don't sign your pictures on the back, as I told you a long time ago the big old machine that prints your page hasn't any hands, and he can't turn the pages of the pictures over, and then don't sign every thing that you send in, whether letters, stories or any sort of work. Just because you enclose them in a letter with your name signed to that is no reason that the picture will not get lost and be quarantined from it, and then how in the world will I ever know who drew it? Just watch those few points, children mine, and you will be the most perfect club that ever wrote a page. I am sure.

Don't be discouraged and write me that your work must be poor and no account because it is not published. You must never think such a thing. Because all of your work pleases me; it is only that there isn't room on the page for even half of what you send in. Cut out the rules and follow them.

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4. Only those drawings done with a pen, in black ink, on good paper, will be accepted, as others cannot be reproduced.
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OLD MEMORIES.
Across the shadowed years
And through a mist of tears,
Come past visions of a time beyond recall.
Just old memories, that is all.
Memories of a happy time
In a golden youthful clime,
When no shadow came to mar
Our youthful fancies from afar.
Just old memories you say,
Forget them all this day,
Forget, as if I could or would,
A friend that was so true and good.
Original. Drawn and composed by
BLANCHIE ANTHONY.
Ashland, Va., Route 4, Box 20.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.
Two dear little children lived in an old house long ago with their uncle. Their father and mother were both dead, but their uncle had promised them before they died that he would be kind to them. And at first he was kind and made pets of them, but when a year had gone by he spoke of the will that their father had made, which said that if the children died the money that was theirs (and they were very rich) should go to him, and he wished for it, and made up his mind to save it. So he hired two cruel men to take the poor babes into a wood and kill them there. He told the little ones that the two men, whose fierce looks frightened them, were going to take them to London, where they would see pretty toys and have nice cakes to eat. When they heard this they were glad to go, and the men each took one of them before him on his horse and rode off.
They chattered so prettily and were so sweet and gentle, that even these cruel ruffians loved them, and did not wish to hurt them.
When they came to the wood the one who had Jane before him told her that he would not let them be killed. But his comrade said that they must die because their uncle had given him a great deal of gold to kill them. This led to a quarrel, and the men drew their swords and fought. The children stood still in great fear, but their friend killed the one who was more cruel than he, and then he took their little hands and led them into the wood a great distance, till they were tired and hungry, and he let them sit down under the trees to rest. But his comrade said that he would go to buy some bread and meat. They sat and waited a long time, but he did not come back. Then they went to look for him, and walked on till they found some blackberries, and ate them. But now the sun was gone, and it was growing dark.
The birds led off singing; only an owl made a strange noise, a hoot, and by and by a squirrel darted out and ran up a tree close by them. Little Jane had never seen one before, and she thought that it was a wild beast; she uttered a loud cry and clung to her brother, who, though he was a brave boy, began to feel fear also, for it grew darker and darker till it was night, and there was no moon. At last, tired out, they lay down on the ground and fell asleep, side by side, with their heads on their little hands. The wicked man never came back, and the babes, who could get no food, at last died with their arms round each other's neck. The birds were the only ones that saw them lying under the old trees; and they were very sorry for the babes, and sang sad songs over them. The robins brought green leaves, with which they covered them as they slept in their long sleep. But God had seen them and had taken them to Himself. They were safe and happy; but the bad uncle's sin was at last found out. The ruffian who had left them in the wood was put in prison for having killed some one, and was to be hanged, so then he confessed what he and the other man had done for a sum of gold. The wicked uncle would have been taken up and hanged also, but he had died before in jail; for all the riches he had gained by his crime were soon lost, and he had been put in prison for debt.

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Puzzle Department

A PUZZLE OF ANIMALS.

Done - e + @
- e + 10.
+ THER.

JULIEN W. GARTHRIGHT.

Names of States in Figures.
1. 13, 15, 14, 20, 1, 14, 1.
2. 1, 12, 9, 6, 18, 14, 9, 1.
3. 13, 9, 19, 19, 9, 16, 16, 9.
4. 1, 18, 9, 26, 15, 14, 1.
5. 20, 6, 24, 1, 19.
6. 11, 6, 14, 20, 21, 3, 11, 25.
By ELIZABETH McRAE.

Some Famous Poets.
1. 16, 15, 5.
2. 12, 15, 14, 7, 6, 5, 12, 15, 23.
3. 4, 5, 6, 15, 5.
Composed by
JOE MONTGOMERY.

Girls' Names in Figures.
1. 13, 1, 4, 5, 12, 9, 14, 5.
2. 1, 12, 9, 6, 18, 14, 9, 1.
3. 1, 12, 9, 3, 5, 1.
4. 3, 15, 18, 4, 5, 12, 9, 1.
5. 18, 15, 19, 1, 13, 15, 14, 4.
By ALICE CHARLES.

Names of Authors.
1. 3, 8, 21, 18, 3, 8, 12, 12.
2. 3, 15, 16, 16, 5, 18.
3. 8, 15, 12, 13, 5, 19.
4. 4, 18, 22, 9, 14, 7.
5. 10, 15, 8, 14, 6, 15, 24.
By ZELDA JONES.
La Crosse, Va.

Jumbled Names of Rivers.
1. Namaz.
2. Ebadin.
3. Hneri.
4. Lordoca.
5. Lachbumo.
6. Osahcandnh.
7. Cerrimam.
8. Seconphito.
By SUSIE VARRO.

Jumbled Names of Girls.
1. Nanzio.
2. Tiedil.
3. Negas.
4. Rany.
5. Allu.
6. Lincie.
By NANNIE PITTMAN.

Jumbled Names of Boys.
1. Hrdh.
2. Rtwlad.
3. Eggero.
4. Gaj.
5. Yark.
By BESSIE SPRAGGINS.

ANIMALS.

Animals are very affectionate, such as dogs, cats, cows and horses. All are very sensitive, and the least little thing will make them mad, such as treat them badly or anything similar to that. Dogs can be trained easily. We have a dog that we haven't trained at all, but he can catch the door. He will take an old ball and run up on the hill and turn it loose and then run after it. We have a cow, and we take her to water each evening and morning. If we treat her nice she will wait along with us without eating any grass on the side of the road, but if we treat her badly she will be awfully bad too.

A tame rabbit is very affectionate, too. Cats are in a way affectionate. The Maltese is quick to scratch, and gets mad easily. Sheep are nice pets, and also are useful. They supply the wool which we spin and weave into cloth.
PAUL G. SHEPHERD.
Fishersville, Va.

IN THE FIELDS OF GREEN.
In the fields of green
There grows the prettiest flowers
You've ever seen;
They toss their heads to and fro
Upon the silvery looking snow.
When summer begins to fade away,
Then the children begin to play;
In the field which once was green,
And now the flowers can't be seen.
But now as winter travels on,
The children begin to think of their fun,
Which they had in the field of green,
But now the green can't be seen.
Composed by EVERETT RIDOUT.
233 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.
PART III.
One day at 12 o'clock (but it was quite dark), his father said, "Come out here Lappill, and I will show you something."
Lappill crept through the hole in the hut and looked toward the south, where his father pointed. There he saw a little red band of light.
"Do you know what that is?" asked his father.
"That must be the southern aurora," said the boy.
He knew very well that one never saw lights in the south.
"No," said his father, "that is the sign that the sun is returning. Tomorrow or the next day we shall see the sun itself. See how beautiful the red lights on the mountain of the Snow King are!"
Lappill turned to the south and saw that the snow on the dark and gloomy top of a high mountain, was fringed with red. Then he thought came to him, "How exciting it would be just for once to see the Snow King at a distance!"
He thought about the Snow King all day and half the night. He ought to have slept, but he could not. At last he crept from under his reindeer skin where he lay, and out through the door-hole. It was so cold that the stars glinted and the dry snow cracked under foot; but Lappill did not mind the cold in the least. He had on fur clothes from head to foot. Even his cap, gloves and shoes were made of fur. As he stood there trying to think of some plan to pass away the time, he heard his little reindeer walking about in the snow.
"I might take a short ride this morning," thought he. No sooner said than done. He hitched the reindeer to his sled and was soon flying along over the wide snow plain.
"I will drive a little way toward the home of the Snow King," thought he. "But only a little way."
(To be continued.)

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